

Food Value of Milk

MILK is one of our most important food sources. Not only does it contain all the essential food elements in the most available form for ready digestion, but recent scientific discoveries show it to be especially rich in certain peculiar properties that alone render growth possible.

—United States Food Commission.

Informative, Interesting Features by Best Authorities on This Page



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the landing of Ferdinand de Soto in Florida, in 1539. He thought he was on the path to a fabled fountain by bathing in which he could regain his lost youth. Instead he found only morasses and impossible swamps.

THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK

A Gripping Serial Story of Love and Baffling Mystery.

By X, Y, AND Z.

Part One—(Continued)

They were sitting close together during this conversation, and it seemed to Lillian very reminiscent of days long past—the winter days which followed their marriage when they had sat over the fire in the luxurious boudoir of Guy's flat. She glanced round the walls of her apartment, bare save for a tawdry, valise-colored print here and there, and the comparison brought a feeble smile to her lips. That flat with all the pretty things which she had provided for it had passed into other hands, just as the next day her own belongings were to be sold. The whirling of fate! She herself had not been spared. She glanced at Guy and judged him the least altered; if anything he was improved, for a more regular life had worked wonders with him, and his face had not the dissipated look to which she had been accustomed.

Something of what she was thinking must have been evident in her expression, for Guy detected uneasily. He had no wish to open the chapter of sentiment with this woman who had been his wife, but to whom he was now bound only by a compact of friendship. Everything he could do for her he was ready to do, and it hardly occurred to him that if his love was dead it did not follow that hers was so, too. She had always exercised a strange fascination over him, but it was an appeal to the senses, and since her illness this power had waned, though Lillian was ignorant of the fact.

"I want to attend the sale," Lillian said. "You have been very good to me, Guy," she said, as she had said before. "I'm particularly grateful to you for going round to these creditors of mine and asking them to be patient; they wouldn't have listened to me."

"I told 'em how hard you had been treated after your supposed death," said Guy, "and that I could vouch for them being paid in full if they would only wait a little. I said there was money which was bound to come in. I faked up all sorts of stories."

"Do you know, Guy," said Lillian, "I should like to go to the sale tomorrow. Will you take me?" "You would like to go to the sale?" he said, with some surprise. "Better keep out of it, Lillian; it will only trouble you."

"I don't think you're right," she replied. "There are a few things I should like to buy in it. It is unfortunate that when I got started again I took some of the property from the store and put it into being for years. I had too much for the house when I moved in, you know. There are some china articles and some pictures which belonged to my mother. I should like to keep them."

"All right," said Guy, "we'll go together. There's nothing likely to fetch any sort of price so I dare say it can be managed."

They returned to her old home. The next day, accordingly, they made their way to the former lodgings. The streets were desolate and the weather so bad that the sale of Lillian's effects caused very little apparent notice. There was the smallest of gatherings in the dining room where the auctioneer had set up his second-hand goods or so dealers in record and gramophone records and the like. There was a slight stir of excitement when Guy and Lillian entered the room. The auctioneer—

he was a dark, saturnine-looking man—paused in the midst of a facetious speech, and a disreputable shabby woman, who was critically examining a table cloth which had just been passed on, nudged her neighbor, and remarked in an audible voice that "that was Mrs. Wiloughby who had just come in—the lady who every one thought had been murdered—and the gent with her was the husband what really wasn't her husband." A snigger went round the room, which caused Guy to frown and mutter to himself, but Lillian paid no heed.

"Want to buy anything, sir?" a dealer thrust a dirty catalogue in Guy's hand. "There's a nice thing in clocks. That's it over there on the mantelpiece."

"I'll do my own bidding, thanks," said Guy. He turned to Lillian, who was carefully studying a chance of a logue. "You'll tell me when anything you want comes up, Lillian," he whispered, "and I'll do my best."

"You won't mind much, a chance?" muttered the disappointed broker. There's an old chap sitting under the auctioneer's table who buys in everything that's worth having. Outside everybody."

Guy glanced at the "old chap" in question. He was evidently a broker and not acting on his own account. Guy wondered idly who could have employed him.

Presently one of the pictures which Lillian wanted to save was put up. It was a verdant water color sketch of a tropical landscape. The auctioneer described it as a work of art by an unknown hand, and suggested that it might be more valuable than it appeared.

The first bid. "It has a sentimental value," whispered Lillian. "My mother painted it herself."

Somebody bid a dollar; the frame was worth that much, and the picture to the front and advanced half a dollar. The old broker, without lifting his head, muttered: "Two dollars!"

The other dealers around the tables manifested no further interest. The picture was not of a kind that appealed to them. Guy offered three dollars, and the old man increased the bid to five dollars.

"If he wasn't really buying the stuff," whispered the man who had first spoken of Guy, "I should say he was running up the prices for the landlord. The picture ain't worth a fever."

"The BLUE Peril"

France's Beloved "Blue Devil"

By NELL BRINKLEY

GOING TO THE MOVIES

Prof. McKeever Suggests Forming Neighborhood Parties.

By William A. McKeever.

FOR a movie party with ten or a dozen of the neighbors and their families as members, it is great.

In a certain city residence district of modest homes and domestic sentiment there are eleven families which attend the motion picture entertainments in a body about once per week, and they have developed this practice into a delightful social affair. The entire party includes forty-two members, and, as a rule, the entire group goes out together. Try their plans and you will like it.

The neighborhood party here referred to is well organized. There is a division of labor. A committee on selection of the film program, two young women who are employed downtown, secure advance information about the films. And it is up to them to determine what is best and most pleasing for the whole company.

Another member, an insurance man, is purchasing agent, authorized to secure the tickets in advance and to reserve a suitable block of seats for the company. A high school boy is accountant and bookkeeper. At the end of each month he renders a bill to the head of each family for the price of their tickets for the period. A treasurer, who is a successful business man, guarantees the entire bill to the theatre manager and settles monthly.

There is a double if not a triple significance to this neighborhood movie scheme which commands it strongly. In the first place it furnishes a splendid opportunity for social contact. These city neighbors are actually getting acquainted with one another. There is a distance of nearly two miles to ride on the car to reach the theatre and the theme of the film furnishes a congenial topic of conversation.

But the larger motive for this movie organization is that of securing the best available film programmes for the children of the groups. It is a recognition of the inherent right of the child to have the best of everything in his field, the best of everything suited to the advancement of his education and development.

The motion picture as it is now constituted is a very extensive and intensive form of instruction for the young. But its good or ill effects depend upon the selection of the films and the management of the children in the matter of the attendance. The happy company here commended refuses to attend a show, no matter how attractive its appeal, unless the committee on advance information finds it to be unquestionably a desirable one for the children of the group to see.

Finally, the purchasing agent of the company, being a man of unusual judgment in such matters, assumes the role of critic of the films and reports his findings weekly to the manager of the theatre. The showman has already learned to defer to the opinions of this voluntary critic and is trying to make use of such help in the improvement of the quality of all his entertainments.

This movie party is a new discovery on my part. There may be others like it. But it is not here suggested a new and valuable form of censorship, a way whereby the more interested patrons may assume a sort of co-partnership with the theatre management in an effort to make the motion picture what it really ought to be as a factor in the lives of the young?

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

It Won't Do!

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-three and fond of a man like you, my senior. I have accepted an engagement ring from him. I have given myself a trial in which I thought during that time I would be able to learn to love him. But I have not succeeded in doing so. He has proposed marriage to me and wants to be married within two months, but I do not know what to do. Do you think that I would be doing wrong by giving him up?

JUST exactly what you are hesitating about no practical person can see. You don't love the man and you find that your ideas and ideals differ very much. Now, how under the sun are you going to make him happy or find happiness for yourself? The greatest wrong you can do him is to marry him. Tell him the truth—it may hurt. But one quick stab is better than the endless nagging, pricking wounds of loveless, uncongenial days.

WARE there! Look to your sweethearts, lads of our army and fine "navies," while the blue peril is here on our shores, a live figure from sheer Romance! The Blue Devil of La Belle France. If ever a figure stepped from a fable, if ever a knight arose from a blue and gold book, if ever a hero stirred from fancy and lived, we've seen and wondered at him and loved him with all our Allied hearts the last fortnight—as he almost unbelievably strode our streets—

In faded, dreamed-of blue, under the gay slouch of his blue artist's cap, apple-cheeked, eyes as blue as the Alpine glacial ice, and sometimes with eyes like a very black, bright cherry, under the load of a pack carried lightly, bayonet a-lean, his glance searching the crowds of cheering Americans with a debonnaire inquiry, "We are friends, eh? Is it not so?"

Out of the dense pack of people where I stood at gaze with the rest

of 'em, a little, dainty, fresh-faced girl spoke. "It doesn't seem possible that I'm looking right at them—the real live mountain-soldier of France—the Chasseurs des Alpes—who do not fear death and for whom there is no terror—who saved Verdun—right out of a picture—the Blue Devils of France!"

Ware you, our own heroes, of this soldier who ruffles the fancy of all America, lifts its heart in a tear and a smile, and steals away the hearts of marvelling, admiring womankind.—Nell Brinkley.

Puss in Boots Jr.

AN ENTERTAINING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

"WHAT are you doing here, little cat?" asked the wicked Ogre, who, you remember, in the last story looked over the castle wall just as Puss climbed on the back of the good Duck.

"Don't answer him," whispered the duck, and he swam swiftly down the moat to the opening in the stone bridge through which the little brook emptied itself. But when they got there, the wicked Ogre leaned over the wall and would have caught them if the duck hadn't turned to one side.

And this made the Ogre so angry that he picked up a great rock and threw it at them. And if it had ever hit them, I guess there would have been nothing left of little Puss Junior and the good Duck.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Ogre, as the water splashed and a big wave almost overturned the duck, and the Ogre rooted up a great tree and threw it into the water, and the branches caught hold of Puss and the duck and they couldn't get away.

"Now I've got you!" roared the dreadful Ogre, and he climbed onto the tree and walked carefully out into the middle of the moat, for the tree made a sort of bridge, you see.

"Quick," said the good Duck, "get out, one of your magic charms!" So Puss waved his flaming feather in front of the Ogre, who by this time was close upon him. But he only laughed again and held a great shield in front of him.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" thought Puss. "What shall I do?" And then, all of a sudden, he remembered his Magic Whistle. So he took it out of his pocket and blew upon it with all his might. And such a hurricane arose that it swept the dreadful Ogre right off the tree and blew him through the air high over the tree tops, until it dropped him in the Arctic Ocean, where a great white bear caught him and hugged him to death.

Well, after that, Puss climbed up on the tree, and then he pulled the duck up after him, and together they walked over to the land. And just then the sun came up and the windows of the castle opened and a great shout arose from the inside.

For Growing Youngsters

ATTRACTIVE MADE-OVER FROCKS

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THESE warm days bring out cool frocks, and especially for the children. When mother takes out last summer's gingham and chambray she often finds that they are much too small for her growing daughter. Since the Government is asking us to conserve everything, even material, the thrifty mother will begin now to make over the children's school frocks rather than buy new ones.

There are so many simple styles for juveniles this season that "made over" frocks are often more attractive than new ones. Kton styles are popular this year and furnish an excellent way to remodel dresses. A tan plaid gingham school frock for a girl of ten was found to be too small for her after last summer's wear. Her wise mother, cut the waist from the skirt and made an eon blouse of pumpkin colored linen, buttoned in back with tiny pearl buttons. The gingham skirt was raised up a bit and fastened to the eon under a deep tuck. A white plique Buster Brown collar was used on the blouse and a black silk tie added for smartness. The skirt was lengthened by a three-inch band of linen. Only one yard of new material was used for this pretty frock, which could not be duplicated for several dollars in any good shop.

And beside the great cake were presents for every one, and funny colored paper caps to wear, and Puss had almost eaten his piece of cake when he found in it a little gold ring, and the duck found a gold watch, which he hung around his neck by a pretty gold chain. And now you will have to wait for the next story to hear what happened after that.

Another practical way to make over a frock for a girl about twelve is by making a sleeveless jumper to wear over the old frock. Cut the dress off at the hip line. Make a semi-fitting lining of coarse net, muslin or any white material on hand. In this waist lining sew hem the sleeves. From some plain material of contrasting color cut a sleeveless jacket reaching well below the hips and trim it collar, pockets, etc.) with the material of the waist. To the front opening of the jacket fasten a shield, add a belt and you will have a very smart little up-to-date frock at a small cost.

A pretty frock of this kind was recently seen that had been made over from a figured voile dress. It was combined with a French blue crepe jumper and a dainty white collar. It was very lovely and required only a yard and a half of the blue crepe.

A dress of white lawn that was hopelessly outgrown was made into a charming frock with the addition of rose linen. A new blouse, surprise design, was made from the linen, with a white collar and cuffs and a white waist. The skirt was ripped and pressed. It was lengthened by alternate strips of lawn and rose linen. This was one of the loveliest frocks seen at a school party and shows what can be done with outgrown dresses.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I SEEN another parade to-day, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Honest to goodness, it's getting so a person can't get to work nowadays, with so many things to see on the streets."

"I ain't got no time to look at parades. I gotta tend to business," said the Head Barber. "You lost two customers hanging out around that parade."

"I don't care," said the Manicure Lady. "When a girl is thinking of her native land, George, and them glorious Stars and Stripes which is floating in the heavens above, like it says in the popular songs, a girl ain't likely to be thinking about how she can get a two-bit tip from some dude. I have noticed lately, George, that my notions is changing a lot about life. I used to think it was perfectly grand to be going along and getting by, maybe saving a few pennies now and then, but that's all changed for me. I think more now about this here Land of the Free and what I can do to help it."

"That part's all right," said the Head Barber, "but you gotta think of your work, too. I'd like to be out watching parades myself, kid, but I've got my work to do, and if I didn't do it I'd have to move. You've been taking it mighty easy lately, I've noticed. You must be figuring on quitting."

"Not voluntary," said the Manicure Lady. "If I go I go by request, and you'll have a swell chance getting another dame like me when I drift out, George. And that ain't no gypsy's warning—it's the cold facts. There ain't many girls would last as long around here as I done, believe me!"

"There ain't many girls would get away with the independent stunts you spring around here," declared the Head Barber. "Who do you figure you are—the Queen of Sheehy or a working lady—which?"

"I figure I'm just who and what I am," said the Manicure Lady. "Mostly on the job and always polite, which is more than I can say of some others around here. If you ain't got patriotism enough in your heart, George, to stand and watch a band of soldiers go by you belong somewhere else and not in America."

"I got something better to do than watch others going to fight my battles for me," said the Manicure Lady. "Yes, you've got to stay here and fight battles with me!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "You make me tired, George! You've got a swell head ever since that young millionaire gave you the five dollar tip the other day. I didn't think much of his brains when I seen him giving you five, George, believe that! Think of a man in his right senses giving a barber five dollars for a twenty-cent shave! You gotta admit you had your nerve right with you to take it, George!"

"What comes my way I mostly take," said George. "But I thought a lot of Thrift Stamps last week with my tips."

"That's different," admitted the Manicure Lady. "You done all right, then. You done just what I would have did, only tips is things of the past around this corner of the shop—sweet memories that blesses and burns, as it says in the song. But if you bought them Thrift Stamps, George, I'll take back all I said. I wonder if I'll ever get the old 'trade back'! I wish they'd had Thrift Stamps in the golden days of long ago, George, when us girls was making our forty and fifty customers a day. Everybody took the best of their nails then days, but I guess they need 'em now to scratch up the dough."

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The Course of True Love

By Cynthia Jackson.

ANNABELLE LEE and Gregory Davidson walked into the small country church together just before the evening service. It must have been Annabelle's kid brother Charley, who never missed anything, who saw them first and gave the alarm to the remaining three members of Lawyer Lee's family, who were all corralled together in the Lee pew, and each one turned in quick succession to verify the report of the kid brother.

Then Aunt Margaret, the unattached female relative of Banker Davidson's family, who never missed more than Charley Lee, turned and espied Annabelle and Gregory, and she at once started the same undulating movement in the Davidson pew.

The minister gave a text, "The Love That Passeth Understanding," but as far as the occupants of the Lee family pew and the Davidson family pew were concerned he might just as well have chosen, "Oh, That We Were Maying." The entrance of Annabelle Lee and Gregory Davidson together was just the same as a declaration of war, and the members of the Lee family and the members of the Davidson family were too

busy mobilizing their forces to bother about texts. At once, automatically, two family councils were called for the following morning. Four of the five members of the Lee family filed into breakfast the next morning in solemn manner, showing evidence of having passed a restless, sleepless night. Annabelle alone looked fresh and happy and skipped in as merrily as if breakfast were a midwinter spread instead of being the solemn mournful function that it is.

Mr. Lee did not even glance at his newspaper. He barely tasted his coffee. From his remarks one gathered that as there was only one bank in the town and as Mrs. Lee remarked that no woman would draw his money out and take it to the neighboring town of X, and place it in safe hands.

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a boarding school to learn something. Then Charley, dear brother Charley, remarked with a look at Annabelle that he noticed that once raised up a bit and fastened to the eon under a deep tuck. A white plique Buster Brown collar was used on the blouse and a black silk tie added for smartness. The skirt was lengthened by a three-inch band of linen. Only one yard of new material was used for this pretty frock, which could not be duplicated for several dollars in any good shop.

About the same time a similar scene was going on in the Davidson dining room. Grandmother Davidson remarked that in her day no nice girl thought of attending church unless she sat in her father's pew; that for her part she was very thankful that she didn't have to live around any of these fifty young girls and be responsible for their upbringing.

Aunt Margaret bridled up slightly at this last remark, but in order not to lose the main thread of the argument she said that the taste of young men these days was beyond her. They would pass by the well-behaved, modest, retiring, well-brought-up kind and take up with silly, giggling girls who never gave a thought beyond whether their nose was as white as marsh-mallows.

Some Reasons Why It Fails to Run Smoothly

Mr. Davidson looked severely at his only son Gregory. "Young man, it occurs to me you are not making much headway in bank. I can get a ten-dollar-a-week clerk to do all the work you are doing. What you need is a wider experience in a bigger bank. I am going to write to the City National in Q—and see if they haven't an opening for you."

"But, father," began poor Gregory, "I—don't want to go to Q—I am perfectly satisfied where I am. If you don't want me in the bank I can find something else to do. I'm sure mother wouldn't want me to go," appealing to his mother.

"Your father knows what is best for you," plausibly responded Mrs. Davidson to the appealing look in her son's eyes.

So, Gregory went to Q—and, Annabelle went to boarding school, and once more the Lees and the Davidsons listened undisturbed to the exposition of the text on Sunday evenings, picturing Gregory busy with his bank accounts at Q—and Annabelle buried in her studies at boarding school. In reality Gregory had found it easier to cover the distance between Q and Annabelle's boarding school than it had been to go from his home to Annabelle's, and besides a whole lot more interesting and exciting than to listen to a sermon on "The Love That Passeth Understanding."